74 AIR RAID CLAIMS PAID. *See page 20.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 468 — SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1915 — ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

216852

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the United Kingdom.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (p... 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of cutting out this special coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 28, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be pro... during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

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Name of Insured..... Address.....

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

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CUT ACROSS HERE

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We find it impossible to print the names of the more than 200 horses entered for the Derby. Competitors, therefore, should read the daily papers, which deal with the chances and starting prices of the probable runners.

Write in ink, in spaces below, the name of each horse you select.	
1	
2	
3	
4	

I enter JOHN BULL Derby Competition in accordance with the rules announced on page 28 and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

C Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

CUT HERE

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the *holders of copies* JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within **seven days of publication** of the issue (reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial subscribers) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. YEANDLE, 23, Glena Avenue, Knowle, Bristol. 381,053. April 24th.
E. GANE INGE, 19, High Street, Crawley. 382,585. April 24th.
Mrs. M. I. PARLEY, The Rectory, Tivetshall, Norwich. 385,547. April 24th.
CONN KELLY, 34, Moodie Street, Dunfermline, Fife. 670,551. May 1st.
T. RICHARDS, 12, Paignton Road, Revidge Road, Blackburn. 770,023. May 1st.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 15th:—

000429	177696	339589	553812	764115
010566	196483	364577	583703	790511
021158	200563	386222	599059	803621
031800	213112	402641	615360	850411
061962	230165	429703	622991	900112
085984	260316	456281	661167	937400
099226	274683	482611	693069	980715
[illegible]535	301029	489774	699859	A000561
[illegible]	312537	513716	701563	A026573
[illegible]25	329389	549223	738867	A037424

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 29th).

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Feqr or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 468. Week ending Saturday, May 22nd, 1915. One Penny.

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Splendid No. this week.

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£10 REWARD.

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Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to

THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Visit to Portsmouth.

We have just returned from Edinburgh and Dundee, where we had two magnificent meetings, characterised by the utmost enthusiasm; and on Tuesday of next week, the 25th, we are at Portsmouth—the Theatre Royal in the afternoon, and the Prince's Theatre in the evening. After that we are busy booking up a variety of further engagements, amongst them being the chairmanship at Steinway Hall, on the 29th, for a lecture by our revered friend, the Reverend A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton.

Journalistic Amenities.

We take off our hat to the *Globe* and the *Express*—which alone amongst the London papers gave us full credit for the part we played in bringing about the removal of the Kaiser's banner, as Knight of the Order of the Garter, from the walls of St. George's Chapel. "It needed Mr. Bottomley's outspoken threat," said our virile evening contemporary, "to rouse the Government to a sense of what decency required." And that acknowledgment—on the part of the press generally—is what journalistic decency required. But no matter—a day will come.

Fighting Assets.

Apropos of our suggestion that we should put a Zulu force in the field to play the game of "frightfulness" with the Huns, an old campaigner, with sixteen years' experience in Natal and Zululand, writes: "I could raise 100,000 warriors in no time if given permission. The men are begging to fight and cross to the Continent, and they would soon teach the Germans a lesson." What say you, K. of K.—or is the job nearly finished?

Our U.S. "Note."

Last week we expressed a doubt as to America's attitude in regard to the *Lusitania* tragedy, and said we would reserve judgment. We are afraid that we must again do so—for President Wilson has delivered a "Note" to Germany—which "has been carefully examined by the Law Officers, in order to make sure that the phraseology fully covers every point of law involved." And the public stands it! Here is the note *we* would have sent: "The Government of the United States has learnt with burning indignation of the sinking by a German submarine of the *Lusitania* —an unarmed passenger vessel—and gives Germany twenty-four hours in which to explain and justify this outrage; and failing a satisfactory reply, coupled with an unqualified apology to the American nation and an undertaking to refrain from any further acts of a similar character, hereby intimates that all diplomatic relations between the two Powers will cease." Now then, Mr. Wilson, get a move on.

Form V.!

We have all heard of Form IV.—and now we have Form V., seeking particulars of men of military age at present in employment. Some of our readers have received as many as six of those forms—each accompanied by a stamped envelope for reply—whilst one of them has requested us to forward his "observations," in the space reserved for that purpose, and which read: "All this is an utter waste of time. I decline to fill in any more forms. You will never beat the hellish monsters by filling up forms." Hear, hear!

Munition Contracts.

The Government has adopted so many of our suggestions that perhaps it will reconsider its decision against giving workmen in munition factories an interest in the profits on the contracts which they assist to carry out. It is the most obvious and natural solution of the shirker problem; but that is probably the reason why it is not adopted.

The End in Sight.

Did you notice that, speaking in the French Chamber the other day, M. Ribot, the Minister of Finance, said, "Six months ago we asked you to vote sufficient credit to carry on the war for six months. *Now we only ask for a vote of credit for three months. Certain things are in preparation which will have a considerable bearing on the duration of the war.*" Funny, isn't it?

"Bullets" now made easier. Have a shot this week. See page 32.

The Blameworthy.

How far some of our own people are responsible for the war may be judged from an article that recently appeared in the German paper *Der Tag*. "*So many of our calculations have deceived us*," it says. "*We expected that British India would rise when the first shot was fired in Europe.*" Were not Keir Hardie's and Ramsay Macdonald's seditious missions to our Indian fellow subjects mainly responsible for that mistaken belief? "*We expected trouble in Ireland.*" Were not the bitter squabbles of Party politicians over the Home Rule question the grounds for that expectation? "*We anticipated that the party of 'Peace-at-any-price' would be dominant in England.*" Were not the vapourings of our native pacifists the foundation of that hope? "*We reckoned that England was degenerate and incapable of putting any weight in the scale.*" Did not that calculation arise from the gloomy and pessimistic speeches of some of our religious leaders? That Germany had prepared for war, and *meant* war, all the world now knows. But we question whether she would have entered into the contest with the same confidence, if at all, had she not been encouraged in the manner indicated by virtual traitors within our gates. The responsibility that rests upon the heads of all who, directly or indirectly, have brought about this conflict is appalling. It is shameful that it must be shared with the Kaiser and his crew by some of our own countrymen.

A Hint to Kitchener.

Some of our young officers know little, if anything, of military law and the King's Regulations—with the result that they mete out pnnishments which are absolutely illegal, and which the higher authorities have to over-rule. Men thus made aware of the incompetence of their officers cannot be expected to follow them in the field with that confidence which is essential to victory. We, therefore, suggest that a digest of military law, containing instructions as to what disciplinary measures may and may not be taken, should be circulated among the commissioned ranks. For instance, it seems necessary to impress one or two young subalterns with the fact that trussing a man to a paling is not proper military punishment while on home service—although, in the field, the spread-eagling of offenders on the wheels of guns or wagons for a couple of hours a day is by no means unusual, albeit the practice cannot enhance our reputation with our Allies.

The Laughter of the Damned.

Those who can see nothing incongruous in a magnificent English country house being provided for German prisoners of war whilst our own men in the hands of the enemy are treated with consistent cruelty, will be interested to know—says a Derby reader—that when the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* arrived at Donington Hall it was received with deafening applause. What was thought of this by our soldiers guarding them—who, it will be remembered, had to walk out from Derby while their charges were driven in motor-cars—can be more easily imagined than described. We have before called the attention of the authorities to such indecent outbursts on the part of the enemy within the gates, but nothing seems to be done to stop these revolting exhibitions.

On India's Coral Strand.

JOHN BULL goes to the ends of the earth; it is read on Afric's sunny mountains and India's coral strand. From Lahore we have received a picture postcard of a large group of the 6th Devons, nearly every one of whom holds in his hand a copy of us. To the Tommy who took this interesting snapshot and sent it to us, we offer our thanks, greetings and good wishes.

Mr. McKenna Again.

An Army officer, writing with full knowledge, asks us to register "another indictment of Mr. McKenna, who refuses to relax the regulations concerning overtime of young men and women, by which alone can firms complete Government orders." Last week, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.—defending at Leeds a firm summoned for contravening the Factory and Workshops Act by employing girls on war work beyond lawful hours, the Magistrate refusing, in the circumstances, to convict—gave the Home Secretary a verbal dressing down which he will probably long remember. "It was," said he, "Mr. McKenna who was responsible. He had always tried to shelter himself behind other people, and now he tried to shelter behind the War Office. According to Mr. McKenna, when there was a breakdown Mr. Barker (the manager of the firm) had to run to London for permission to work these girls a few extra hours. Did they ever hear of such folly except from Mr. McKenna or the Home Office? His incompetence was nearly equal to his conceit." We leave it at that.

A False Prophet?

Mr. P. H. Bagenal, of Harrogate, Local Government Board Inspector, seems to be vexed with the itch of prophecy, and in an address to the Ripon Board of Guardians he has endeavoured to anticipate the future course of affairs in his own particular line. "It seemed to him certain that they were going to have permanently a set of new conditions which would react very considerably upon Poor Law affairs." From safe generalities the speaker proceeded to specific prediction. "After the war the Poor Law would have to deal with the maimed and the halt, the men whose constitutions had been wrecked, and who could not get employment." This deplorable statement was apparently allowed to pass without question or protest, Mr. Bagenal being subsequently accorded the unanimous thanks of the Board. By whose authority, we wonder, are our wounded troops thus consigned to the tender mercies of the hated Poor Law? It will be to the eternal shame of the nation if these prophetic shafts should find their mark.

Our Derby *Hospital* Sweep.

We had hoped to be in a position this week to announce full details of our scheme for a free sweepstake on the Derby, for the benefit of the inmates of the Epsom Military Hospital; but we learn at the last moment that the Committee has felt compelled to refer the suggestion to the War Office. It will be a source of sincere regret to us if, through any red-tape regulations, sportsmen are to be deprived of giving these poor wounded fellows a substantial interest in the great race, which many of them will be able to witness. All the prize money had been promised, and the scheme was being looked forward to with the keenest interest. We can only hope for the best.

The "John Bull Derby Sweep."

We must again, however, make it clear that this scheme is quite distinct from the "John Bull Derby Sweep" now being promoted, from Lucerne, by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, in conjunction with Messrs. Smallman and Terry, of Geneva; and we must repeat that in no circumstances, having regard to the present uncertain state of the law, can we act as agents for the supply of tickets. Nor, beyond the fact that the Draw will be carried out under the personal supervision of the Editor of this journal, are we in any way responsible for the enterprise—the genuineness of which, however, is of course vouched for by the standing of the firms in whose hands its conduct rests.

Thousands of Soldiers and Sailors are writing home with the "John Bull" pen.

A "Classy" Company.

Some regiments are resorting to queer ways of recruiting. It seems that, despite the levelling influence of the war and the fine democratic spirit that animates the new armies as a whole, snobbery is not yet killed or even scotched, but is even made use of to attract young men to the service of their country. In proof whereof, we reproduce a notice which appeared in the columns of the *Northampton Daily Chronicle* of May 3rd:

> NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT.—Sanction has been given for the formation of a SPECIAL COMPANY for the SONS OF FARMERS, CLERKS, and SHOP ASSISTANTS in the 8th BN. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT, now stationed at Penzance, in the Cornish Riviera, one of the most fashionable and popular Seaside Resorts in England. They will live together and be under their own Officers. Strength of the Company to be 200, and called the "Clerks Company." . . . Apply at the Barracks for information, where Captain Millard, from the 8th Battalion, will be ready to give all particulars as to training, recreation, etc.

We are not sure that the "Clerks Company" is the happiest designation that could have been chosen for this offshoot of the Northants Regiment. It is unlikely to attract farmers' sons, who as a class have a constitutional contempt for the office stool and its occupant. But, at the same time, the prospect of training at one of England's "most fashionable and popular Seaside Resorts" may prove a powerful inducement to rally to the Flag, and overcome any aversion they may feel to being called "one of the Clerks." Won't the hearts of the daughters of Penzance be in a flutter when they hear the glad tidings!

Slighting Self-Sacrificing Surgeons.

Merit does not always obtain recognition—especially in Government departments, which are apt to let just claims slide, while they look for precedents when, in the present exceptional conditions, such guides are non-existent. For instance, three leading doctors in one of our south coast towns are freely giving their services to St. John's Hospitals. Originally they undertook the duties of attending to fifteen patients in one such institution, but (as was, unhappily, bound to happen in such a war) the number of cases—all of a serious character—has risen to 150, housed in three large buildings. In these circumstances, it does seem ungrateful that the good medicoes, who give without stint of their skill, time and money—the Government making merely a capitation grant for the wounded—should not be allowed even honorary rank, whilst less experienced doctors are officially recognised in this way, to say nothing of being granted Government pay. Doubtless similar anomalies exist in other hospital centres, and that this should be so affords little encouragement to the patriotic citizen.

Still They Come.

While "not wishing in any way to criticise the methods of the Admiralty or the War Office," Mr. H. W. Sambidge, Chairman of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, has been giving those august Departments a bit of his mind to go on with. He is convinced that "if instead of sticking so closely to the departmental procedure which had been followed in times of peace, and in the small wars in which we had hitherto been engaged, the Government had at the outset availed themselves to the full of the services awaiting them at the hands of the Chambers of Commerce of the country, the present urgent needs of the Army and the Navy would have been considerably minimised." With chapter and verse from his own experience, Mr. Sambidge supports and illustrates his contention, and concludes: "What is wanted is a good business head to organise the business side of the War Office." So there you are. Aren't our pupils a promising lot?

The Littleness of Little.

The good folk of Blyth have undertaken to raise £1 o for the equipment of a "Blyth Bed" in the Base Hospital in France. Having secured over half the amount, the hard-working volunteers of the Committee gratefully accepted the offer of the Blyth Nonconformist Choral Union to give a performance of the "Holy City" in aid of their admirable object. No public hall being suitable, the proprietor of the Theatre Royal placed his building at the disposal of the workers, and the concert was duly announced for a Sunday evening. Up to this point the story is wholly laudable, comprising a good object, willing vocalists, and a patriotic theatre-manager. Now enters Discord to spoil the harmony. The Rev. Thomas Little, holding forth at the Wesleyan Chapel, Blyth, averred that "running a concert on a Sunday night was Sabbath breaking. It was most distressing to him to read in the newspapers of the application for the theatrical licence to be extended to Sunday for this purpose." It was the narrow mind speaking once again in its own Littleness. Many considerations made it vital to hold the concert on a Sunday, and the Rev. Mr. Little would have been better advised to close his own doors early and adjourn with his audience to aid in the good cause. Has he never heard the saying, "The better the day, the better the deed"?

Churches as Hospitals.

"Parsons and churchwardens would gladly allow the churches to be used as hospitals in cases of emergency," the Vicar of Sutton, in Easingwald, assures us; "but surely we must be very hard up before we make use of buildings whose sanitary and cooking arrangements are *nil*, where water is seldom laid on, and where lighting, heating, and general structural arrangements are most unsuitable for the purpose proposed, at all events in country districts." All this goes without saying, of course. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and in emergency there are many churches whose internal arrangements could be adapted or augmented for hospital accommodation. Of course, if the Germhuns came over and gained the upper hand they would not give us the chance of turning churches into hospitals; they would use them as stables.

Recognised!

As an example of the kind of Germhun prisoner being taken out for walks in this country, let us instance one of about 500 who were being escorted at Shrewsbury the other day under a guard of National Reservists. While the Germhuns were passing a large building where a number of Belgian refugees are lodged, a Belgian woman pointed with savage rage at one of the prisoners as she cried, "Zat man! Zat man!" and then drew her hand across her throat. Evidently the woman had been through the terrors of hell with the brute.

One to Sir Percy.

As our readers are aware, we have no particular love for Sir Percy Scott, but we are bound to recognise the wisdom of his prophecy—made before the outbreak of the war—that the submarine would play the most important part in future naval battles. Perhaps he could now tell us how to make something to counteract their danger?

Our Sermons.

Quite a lot of parsons are now making our war articles their texts. Here, for instance, is the Rev. T. Dixon-Spain, Vicar of Long Sutton, "lifting" us almost verbatim, and ending up with generous acknowledgment—"thanking Mr. Bottomley most heartily for helping me a great deal in the words I have uttered." He is very welcome.

The Derby! £200 for a correct forecast. See new Contest on page 28.

Beer and Bunkum.

An amazing licensing prosecution is reported from Cannock, Staffordshire. A widow woman who, in a purely domestic way, had supplied beer for the refreshment of her lodgers, was convicted of "selling liquor without a licence" and fined £3. It was admitted that the landlady had made no profit on the transactions, having obtained the beer in bottles solely for the convenience of her boarders, debiting them with its exact cost to herself. Moreover she had never supplied drink to anyone but the regular inmates of her house. In these circumstances it is hard to discern the least evidence of unlawful sale, but the matter apparently presented no difficulty to the occupants of the Cannock Bench. Curiously, however, the wrath of the Chairman seems to have been directed less to the defendant's conduct than to that of the lodgers. "It was," he said, "a shabby sort of business to buy beer and not allow the woman any profit." In short, if the woman had really been guilty of illicit trade, she and her customers would, seemingly, have enjoyed the approval of the learned Chairman, but for no offence at all the landlady is fined and the lodgers reproved. Oh, upright judge!

"Drat that Fly!"

All sorts of requests for all sorts of things reach us from the seat of war; the queerest—or what to many people may seem the queerest—comes from a soldier, who asks us to send out—what do you think? Flypapers! "Don't lightly laugh at this idea," he pleads. "Send out thousands—aye, millions—of flypapers to keep under, if not to exterminate, the millions of flies about to take wing. If sent to the troops at once, I am positive you would be saving a great deal of sickness and death." It is not clear to us where about their trenches the troops would stick the papers, and we should have to be quite sure that in the opinion of Sir John French they would not impede his military dispositions; we certainly do not wish to be responsible for a situation in which thousands of our good men and true are found sticking to flypapers when they should be on the march.

"Quite the Usual Thing."

"At Ryde, I.W.," a lady tells us, "it is quite a usual thing to see Germhun prisoners from the ships shopping in the High Street, and there have been several cases of weddings with English girls, a scandal which ought to be stopped." It is inconceivable how any British girl with a right sense of country and moral fitness can unite herself at this or any time to a man whose hands, for all she can know to the contrary, are red, and whose soul is black, with crimes of blood and lust. Such a marriage plumbs the depths of dishonour and shame.

"Those Wicked Sweepstakes."

Do you remember that phrase a year ago? And now comes the news that, owing to the whole of the male staff of Mr. Patrick O'Brien (of Lucerne) having gone to the front, he has had to requisition the aid of the celebrated firm of Smallman and Terry, of Geneva, in carrying through the "John Bull Derby Sweep." They cannot be such a *very* bad lot of fellows, can they?

"Ireland."

From a mass of correspondence which has reached us, we appear to have trodden on the tails of the coats of both Nationalists and Ulster men in our recent references to their respective volunteer forces. Writing "from information received," we spoke of the Northern men going to the Front, and the Southerners enlisting for "home defence" only; but we hereby withdraw everything we said, whatever it was, at all, at all.

How Quakers were Saved.

Sunday-school children in Sheffield have been given a tract, "How to live in Peace during time of War," with instructions to take it home; whereupon one father waxes indignant, and rightly so. The pamphlet is published by the Friends' Tract Association, and professes to be based on incidents of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. It teaches the Quaker doctrine of declining to resort to arms in any circumstances whatever, holding out the inducement that a man's life will be miraculously preserved if he joins neither side in time of war. Telling how this craven course was adopted by one Friend "who was naturally of a timid disposition," the tract proceeds to relate several anecdotes of other Friends who were on the point of being put to death by the Irish rebels. Then, with singular simplicity, it describes how *in each case the Friend's life was saved by the timely arrival of soldiers!* The tract would be a mischievous production if it were not so absurd.

Chain-Shot and Wire.

Who shall decide when experts disagree, especially when each "expert" is cocksure he is right? We happened to refer to one suggestion that chain-shot of the old-fashioned kind, fired by old-fashioned guns, should be used on to the wire entanglements, "knocking them down like ninepins." A correspondent tears the proposal savagely to pieces, sending us some nicely-drawn plans and sketches just to show what would happen, and proving to his own entire satisfaction that the "chain-shot would fall on the top of the barbed wire entanglements and stop there. And so would the wire." And there, we are afraid, we must leave it.

A Comic Opera Defence.

We hear, on good authority, that during a recent visit of a Zeppelin, flying fairly low, the sentries on duty at various public works gritted their teeth and used language that we dare not publish—because they had rifles, but no ammunition! The explanation appears to be that, in carrying out their duties some months ago, certain sentries fired at motorists who disregarded challenges, with the result that several drivers were killed. Thereupon the powers that be ordained that the men on duty should carry rifles and bayonets, but no ammunition! Doubtless, the Germhuns were well aware of this when they made their, apparently, bold descent from the sky.

The War and the Stock Exchange.

A year ago the membership of the Stock Exchange was nearly 5,000, but it has now been reduced to about 3,300, or by fully one-third. It has been very severely hit by the war, not only owing to the restrictions placed upon business and the elimination of the speculative element, but because so many members and clerks have joined the Colours or are "doing their bit" in other ways. No section of the community in this country has been so adversely affected by the European imbroglio as the Stock Exchange and the numerous interests that depend on it, and none has borne the troubles more uncomplainingly.

The Bridlington Bandmaster.

With reference to the paragraph in our issue of March 20th last, relating to Mr. Julian Kandt, we are assured that he is British, being the son of a naturalised British subject of many years standing, and of Russian origin. He was educated in London, and has always lived in this country, is married to an English lady, and in fact, his only son is serving his Majesty. If any aspersion, however, could conceivably have been cast upon Mr. Kandt by the paragraph in question, it is due to his having chosen, before the war, to describe himself as "Herr"—being doubtless of the opinion, as were many other musicians, that the style aided him professionally.

Look out for a new and attractive competition next week.

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

The German Thugs.

When the goddess Kali infected the Thugs with the desire for human offerings, the Government of India exterminated the Thugs. When the German Devil-god of "Deutschland uber alles" infected the German people with Kultur, the Thug methods of the sacred handkerchief poisoned with datura to kill victims of Thugee were revived in Europe. The re-incarnation of Thugee on land and sea is only to be met by the methods of the Indian Government in suppressing Thugee. Segregate Thugs and they cannot breed. Boycott Thugs and they cannot trade. Hang Thugs caught in the act of murder and the dead man is dead for a long time. The Germans are Thugs. Their datura poison is chlorine gas. Their perfumed handkerchief is Herr Ballin's hospitality. Kultur and Kali are identical, but Kultur is but a vulgar re-incarnation of the Indian goddess of Murder. The suppression of Thugee was the result of clear thinking. The sect was destroyed by the establishment of a department for the purpose of smelling out and exterminating Thugs. Prisons were set apart for their safe keeping, whether they were caught in the act of murder or whether they posed as peaceful Anglophils.

Confiscation the Only Way.

Of course, members of the Government may have compromised themselves with Germans quite innocently. If so, let us keep our heads. All men err. Conviction of pro-Germanism now is a capital offence. All that we require to-day is to prevent the Teutonic Thug from helping his fellow Thugs. An old Thug prisoner in Lahore was asked by an Indian officer whether he felt no compunction when murdering innocent people. He replied, "Sahib, when you go on shikar, have you any compunction for the game you shoot?" Germans have no compunction. They drown and poison their shikar. They have hypnotised certain Ministers. Those Ministers must go; all Germans, Austrians and Turks, naturalised or unnaturalised, must be interned. Hard cases will arise. That is not our fault. The banners in St. George's Chapel should have been removed nine months ago—whether removed by the Government or by the people was a matter of detail. They have now been taken down. The German Thugs confiscated the estate and moneys of the late Baron de Reuter—a Briton of Dutch descent. The confiscation of German and German-Jewish property of those aliens who sit on the fence is necessary to our existence. The German Thugs care not a brass farthing for life. Property, property, property is their sole aim. Therefore, retaliation should take the form of the confiscation of German property throughout the Empire.

To Business at Last!

Sunny May days have budded the wood on the rose trees in the garden and brought up lilies and rock plants with a rush. The poisonings and murders of May have also matured the embryo of national desire for a Business Government. It is now a lusty child. Myriads of murders, poisonings on a colossal scale, and the drowning of many thousands of seamen and passengers were needed to convince the British public that no lawyer-ridden nation deserves—certainly no lawyer-ridden nation can expect—to win this war against a Power with whom War is a Business. There is not the slightest need for panic, nor for the hurry which is the sister of panic. But there *is* need for immediate action. The German General Staff now know that Britain is on the eve of Conscription, that the war cannot last six months after compulsory service is adopted, and that it is already lost to the Germans if Compulsion and Martial Law are set up now. The poisonings, the sea murders and the shelling of sleeping children are signs that the Huns know that they will lose. The new outrages have no military value, produce no effect upon the result of the war, and are only resorted to for their psychological influence on the British public. The *Lusitania* and Southend atrocities, however, create no more panic than the Lowestoft or Scarborough murders. They show that the birth of a Business Government is at hand. Mr. Bottomley, the expectant father, is to be congratulated.

Land Valuation Department.

The time has gone by for telling us that protest against lawyer-methods of running a war is treason to the Empire. To illustrate what I mean, I recall two examples of Government by lawyers—both in the fourth month of the great war. Clerks in the Land Valuation Department—which is not a vital necessity to our national existence—having sent up their names for enlistment, received a circular to the effect that "it was desirable that no more men should enlist, as the department was of more use to the country as a department than the members of the staff would be as individual recruits." Five thousand would-be soldiers were officially informed that "should they enlist their places would not be kept open for them, nor would they receive any pay from the Department." Then a notice (B13709-14) was exhibited in the Department of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in November, in which it was requested that officers would refrain from sending in any applications for leave to enlist! Four months after war broke out, though we were fighting for our lives, the lawyers showed that they did not understand the business of waging war with Huns. Nor do they understand it now.

Speed up the Government!

To beat Germany, some Ministers must give way to men of Business. Mr. Asquith is a lawyer of vast ability and experience of government. To shift him would be folly. Even if the head of the Government were less able and less honest, he should be supported because he *is* the head of the Government. Nobody who counts wishes to see him out of office. I need not go through the list, but there are two lawyers and one lawyer-lover in the Cabinet who must go. Lord Haldane—if he has not resigned by the time these words are in print—should leave the Cabinet, because he misled the nation on the subject of Germany and the Germans, and because he fogged the country in regard to the Army and its task. There are other reasons why Lord Haldane's great abilities are of a kind that are of no further use to the nation. They need not be mentioned now — unless he attempts to remain. Mr. Harcourt should leave the Ministry, because his government of the Crown Colonies since war broke out has not been of that vigorous nature which the terrible hazards of the times imperatively call for if our great heritage is to be preserved. For some weeks after the 4th August one of our important dependencies was in charge of an official with a German wife. The German community in Singapore ruled the roost. For the success of the *Emden* and the revolt of the Fifth Light Infantry Battalion at Singapore Mr. Harcourt's methods of Crown Colony rule in this greatest war of all history are directly or indirectly responsible. He will be held to "strict accountability," to use the words employed by the American President about Germany.

THE VENDETTA JUSTIFIED.

"Away with the Germans"—the Only Policy.

"Remember what Amalek did unto thee by the way as ye came forth out of Egypt; how he met thee by the way and smote the hindermost of thee, when thou wast faint and weary; and he feared not God. Therefore it shall be, when the Lord thy God hath given thee rest from all thy enemies round about in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to possess it, that thou shalt blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven; thou shalt not forget."

And all Amalek did was to attack the enemy from behind, as it came out of Egypt, faint and weary, at the end of a long and exhausting campaign! "*Thou shalt blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven;* THOU SHALT NOT FORGET." There are some fine phrases in the Old Book. "Blot out *the remembrance* of Amalek from under heaven." Not merely annihilate him; not merely wipe him out of existence; but blot out all memory of him; utter, absolute extermination, physical, mental and moral! And that is what we plead for to-day in regard to Germany. We plead for it on the field of battle—and we plead for it at home.

THE VENDETTA JUSTIFIED.

To-day we are concerned with the domestic aspect of the matter. Last week we called for a vendetta on the Germans, beginning with the Kaiser, as a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; then the alien enemy in our midst; and then their property. And was ever any policy more quickly justified? We respectfully, and with deep and sincere loyalty, appealed to the King to see that within seven days the banners of the Kaiser and his breed, which had too long been flaunted in the eyes of worshippers in St. George's Chapel, were removed. And we made it plain that the nation was in grim earnest. Within three days of our demand the German Knights of the Garter had, by direction of his Majesty, been degraded, their names expunged from the Roll of the Order, and their banners torn down. That the King, in acting with such promptitude, rightly interpreted the spirit of the people, is obvious from the unanimous chorus of approval with which the news has been greeted. But *we* have other evidence of a far more convincing character. And there can be no harm now in stating that, as the result of our declaration, at least fifty thousand men would have been ready to march with us to Windsor and see the thing done. The public conscience was stirred to its depths—and we can well afford to smile at the feeble protests of the milk and water—or, should we say, the milk and cocoa?—Press. The fact remains that, but for our action—as the *Globe* has the honesty to admit—the nation would not have been purged of this standing insult.

And so with the aliens. Despite the splendid stand taken up by men like Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Henry Dalziel, and Sir Arthur Markham (with the "official" approval of Mr. Bonar Law), we are quite certain that nothing would have been accomplished but for the great force of public opinion which we have been the means of stimulating. After all, the editorial chair of this journal is a more powerful pulpit than a seat in the House of Commons.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

And now let us see where we are. Is it time to call off the vendetta? The first item in our Charter has been won. Our oldest and most cherished Order of Chivalry has been purged of its Hunnish pollution. That alone were well worth fighting for. It will constitute a fine tonic for our boys in the trenches, and will not be without its good effect on our Allies; whilst in Germany it will serve the purpose of showing that we are not playing at war, and that henceforth they and all their breed are anathema and taboo throughout the British Empire. So far, so good. But what about the enemy in our midst? We confess that we look upon the Government plan with suspicion. But we shall say and do nothing to thwart it. We will "wait and see"—as Mr. Asquith would wish—how it works. And we shall be particularly interested in the treatment of "naturalised" Germans. It is all very well to say that many of these people are "decent, honest men," and that some of them have sons now at the Front fighting for us. So have many of the unnaturalised Germans. The fact remains that they *are* Germans, and a German can no more change his nature than a leopard can change its spots. The German is, *by nature*, bloody, base and brutal. Besides, most of those who have "naturalised" themselves have been actuated by motives of self-interest; and they have known that on returning to their own country they automatically become German citizens again. And may not "naturalisation" have been in many cases a mere "blind" to put us off the scent of a dangerous spy? Without making any such allegation—although the circumstances are not without suspicion—in his particular case, we know that Baron von Bissing, of Hove, is a British naturalised subject; but he was in the habit of visiting the Kaiser on his yacht at Cowes, and his brother is at present Military Governor of Brussels! Is "the *prima facie* presumption" of which the Prime Minister speaks to be made in favour of such a case as this?

Our PLAN.

Our own plan would be simple. *All* German-born persons now in Britain, *and the British Empire*, would be interned—in three classes. Class I. would

comprise persons naturalised not less than fifteen years prior to August, 1914 (the German designs began to take definite shape at the time of the Boer War); Class II.—of persons naturalised since August, 1899; and Class III.—of those unnaturalised. There would be differential treatment for the three classes, with elastic discretion to the authorities in the granting of privileges, etc. But, as we say, we will give the Government scheme a fair chance. Heaven knows, we have no desire to embarrass the Ministry. Their responsibility is grave enough in all conscience; and if they are not particularly brilliant in idea and resource, they are probably as good a lot as could be got together under the old, ridiculous system of Party. Still, we *must* smile as we read that Mr. McKenna is to decide who shall be exempt from internment! And the only improvement we can suggest is that Lord Haldane should be joined as co-adjudicator, or as final Referee!

ALIENS' PROPERTY.

But what about this? Surely we are not going to allow alien enemies to hold property under the protection of the British law? We insist that every bit of land and every house, and every bank balance, and every security held by any bank, and any stocks and shares at present owned by any German (whether naturalised or not) should be automatically vested in the Public Trustee, to await the termination of the war—when the property could be released or held as security for payment of the Indemnity.

THE INTERNED SHIPS.

And here again we protest against these vessels being simply "interned." We have them, and let us confiscate them. Full credit can be given for their value when we make out our bill against Germany; and in the meantime they could be put to very useful purpose. What *is* the objection to this course? How the enemy must be laughing at us!

OUR CRITICS.

And now a few words about our critics. The *Daily News* says that our article "aroused indignation at the House of Commons." Will our dear brother give us the names of the M.P.s who were indignant? Were they Messrs. Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald, Ponsonby and Co.? At any rate, for every name which is given us, we will furnish those o ten members who have heartily endorsed our action. But the most astounding thing of all is the plea of our contemporary for moderation towards the enemy in our midst. It speaks of "the scandalous incitement of a section of the press" and "of the campaign of plunder and theft"—we confess we are not sufficiently erudite to appreciate the distinction—which has "cast a deep stain upon the honour and reputation of this country abroad." Which nation, may we ask, has, so far, protested? As a matter of fact, nearly every country on the face of the earth is marvelling at our forbearance. And then, with delicious simplicity, we are told that "no charge has been brought against" these aliens, "*except that they are of enemy nationality.*" Was such drivel ever penned before in the day of a nation's trial? But listen: "Internment will mean for hundreds and thousands of them *financial ruin, the break-up of their families*, the destruction in many cases of *hopes and achievement of years of work.*" And these words were written within a few days of the *Lusitania* massacre—involving not only the "financial ruin," and the "break-up of homes," and the "destruction of hopes and achievement of years of work," but also the cold-blooded, callous murder of women and little children! And then this wretched sheet calls upon the Government to see that the interned Huns "lack for none of the comforts or decencies to which they have been accustomed." In the name of God, we protest against such traitorous balderdash. Does the editor of the *Daily News* realise that we are at war—in death grips with the most powerful and most fiendish nation the world has ever known? Does he realise that, if he ever gets here, the Kaiser will massacre and mutilate, outrage, violate and pillage to the top of his bent? Does he realise that only the stern arbitrament of brute force can to-day save us?

TOO LATE.

Of course all the naturalised, and most of the unnaturalised, aliens in the country are now protesting their loyalty, and are loud in their condemnation of German atrocities. But why didn't they speak out earlier? Why have they waited till public opinion makes their position insecure? *We don't believe any of them*—not because they may not now mean what they say, but because, and solely because, *they are Germans.* Once a German, always a German; and to-day all the world knows what sort of a creature a German is. To concentration camps—we had almost said something stronger—with the lot of them!

THE COMING PERIL.

There is not a moment to be lost. The submarine and the Zeppelin raids—probably timed to come simultaneously—are upon us. Our ports and our big cities have so far been immune; but the hour is at hand. *And there must be no person of German birth at large, free to give guidance and assistance to the enemy.*

HAMMER AWAY.

We regret, therefore, that we cannot declare the vendetta over. Until every alien enemy—by which we mean every German-born man—is interned; until every German-born woman is deported (or, at her option, also interned), there can be no peace. Looting and baiting we discourage; but the responsibility for it rests entirely on the shoulders of the Government. Ministers can lag behind popular opinion only at the risk of revolution. There is such a thing as civil pressure, as well as naval and military. The *people* can win this fight. Let Germany understand that it is our intention to wipe her out of our national life. Just reflect; even to-day a *registered* alien enemy may sue and recover money in our Courts, not only on matters of contract, but even for libel and slander—or assault! In other words, the enemies of the King may utilise his Courts for the redress of any grievance they may think they have against true British subjects! No, we must wipe them out; we must blot out their remembrance from under heaven; we must not forget.

"DEMOCRATIC TREASON."

A "WOLFE" IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

While the crimes of the Huns on sea and on land excite the horror and move the wrath of the whole civilised world, a small group of misguided and discredited politicians seek to confuse the issues of the combat and presume to question the justice of the British cause. The leading organisation of these malcontents, the Union of Democratic Control, avows the purpose of influencing the conduct of the war, and forestalling its conclusion by an irresponsible discussion of possible terms of peace. Ostensibly it seeks to consult democratic opinion in Great Britain and elsewhere, but the pretence is not likely to deceive the public.

A casual perusal of the pamphlets issued by the Union, and of the reported speeches of its members, suffice to show that the main purpose of the agitation is the disparagement of British aims and the emphasis of every feature in the situation which by any twist of perverted rhetoric can be made to tell in Germany's favour. In short, these anti-national cranks are out to save the face of the Huns and to abate the severity of their just punishment.

This conclusion is strikingly confirmed in a letter from the pen of Mr. H. Wolfe Murray, an active member of the Union, which has been submitted for our perusal. This remarkable effusion, intended for publication in the *Labour Leader*, throws a flood of light upon the true aims of the "democrats," and admirably illustrates their mode of attack. The genesis of the European conflict is traced not to the perfidy of Potsdam, but to British deceit masquerading as pacific diplomacy. Declaring that he and his associates "have found out something about our wretched Government," the writer proceeds:—

> Owing to the cowardice and insincerity of our rulers in refusing to inform the country in 1913 of our obligations to France and Belgium, this war is going to be a protracted one. The public were completely misled as to the real state of affairs, and so were the rest of Europe.

The handwriting is that of an Englishman, but the voice is that of the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Vossische Zeitung*. Having thus endeavoured to foist the whole responsibility for the war on to the shoulders of his own countrymen, Mr. Wolfe Murray proceeds to a vigorous attack upon Lord Haldane, whom he seems to regard with more envy than admiration, perhaps on account of his lordship's former association with Potsdam. No member of the Cabinet escapes condemnation, all of them having in the writer's judgment been guilty of "unmanly shuffling," which "completely deceived the country." Moreover:—

> The Germans were completely taken in; they never dreamt that we should take part in the war. Evidently they believed implicitly in Mr. Asquith's denials. Our announcement of neutrality tempted them to crush France. Our Government have displayed cowardice, selfishness, and a lack of sincerity which hovers perilously near the brink of rank dishonour. Cowardice, because they were afraid to make a clean breast of it; selfishness, because they believed that such a course of action would endanger office and salary; and insincerity, because they refused to correct the false impression they had brought about by their ignoble shuffling.

All of which, of course, was very rough on a guileless foe. But for the infamy of his Majesty's Ministers, the Kaiser might not have been "tempted to crush France," but might, on the other hand, have made her a free present of Alsace and Lorraine and decorated her President with the Iron Cross. Save for the "ignoble shuffling" of our "wretched Government," Louvain and Rheims might to-day be intact, France and Belgium inviolate, and the high seas free from the menace of the pirate Huns. In these circumstances, no British Government, however "wretched," could dream of punishing Germany for crimes traceable less to Teuton depravity than to British duplicity. This, at any rate, seems to be the thesis of Mr. Wolfe Murray and of the Union of Democratic Control. The general public, however, are not likely to be gulled by this traitorous pleading of the Kaiser's cause. When the day of reckoning dawns, it will go hard with men of British lineage presuming to stand in the path of the nation's righteous wrath.

THE MITELESS WIDOW.

PRISON FOR NOT PAYING RATES.

It is a pleasant fiction that imprisonment for debt has been abolished; although you may not be sent to gaol because you owe money, you most certainly can be sent there because you do not pay it. They call it "contempt of court," an elegant euphemism in its way.

To prison you will go if you do not pay your rates; a stern legislature sees to that. In fact, the man who owes rate money seems to be looked on as the worst defaulter of all. It is an eighth deadly sin to owe money to your parish. You are an outcast, and if you have no "sticks" the authorities can sell up, you may as well prepare yourself for a bread-and-water diet. The Wood Green Council is one local body which sets itself to see that this salutary state of affairs is maintained. Under its sway lived Mrs. Baker, an old lady of 73, existing on her old age pension. The landlord of the premises she occupied did not, it appears, pay his rates when due; so the law "came down" on the tenants, including old Mrs. Baker—who owed no rent, so it is said, and believed she "had nothing to do with the landlord's rates."

But that did not matter. Off to Holloway Gaol she went, that poor old soul of 73, there to be officially received, and bathed, and cleansed, and fed—the meal consisting of one pint of tea and one hard loaf, "which the Chaplain tried to break upon a chair."

After her sumptuous repast, the old lady was permitted to retire to her slumbers, but she was so cold that she slept with her clothes on. We are happy to say that, next day, some good Samaritans came to her relief and took her out of prison, and she is quite safe now—till the next quarter falls due. Otherwise the poor old soul might have languished in Holloway Gaol, famishing on bread and tea, and wondering what on earth she had done to deserve it all. In any case, it is a hard law that renders a tenant liable when a landlord makes default, and it says little for the humanity of authorities who can ruthlessly apply it to a poor, stricken old woman who has passed the allotted span of life. Wood Green is not a borough tottering on the brink of bankruptcy; it contains many smug, well-to-do citizens, and could well afford to wink at Mrs. Baker's paltry "debt." Decent feeling—even common sense—revolts at the notion of clapping her into a cell. Wood Green Council must be deficient in those qualities.

LOW WAGES—AND THE MAN WHO FELL.

SAD CASE OF A HARROD'S STORES EMPLOYEE.

Harrod's Stores is a large establishment, but we have before had occasion to criticise its pettiness and parsimony in the treatment of its staff.

The other day a man in its employ was charged with stealing goods, and received two months' hard labour. The chief inquiry officer at Harrod's admitted that the wages of the prisoner, who was thirty-six years old, were only 19s. 6d. a week, without food, although he had been working for the firm for at least sixteen years. "But," it was urged, as some excuse for this meagre rate of pay, "the duties of the man," who was described as a warehouseman, "were very mechanical." It may be so; it may be that the poor fellow worked like clockwork, keeping all on the go from morn to night; it may be that he had nothing to think about—except work, and nothing to do—except work; but there it was, mechanical or not, he had been hard at it for sixteen years, and his reward was sixpence less than a sovereign every Saturday night. It is a poor return for half a lifetime of toil, and the man must—especially in these times of high prices—often have been badly over the border line of poverty and wretchedness. We have no sympathy with a thief, but we feel sorry for a workingman compelled to endure life on such terms. Low pay does not entitle a man to rob his employer, but such a case might well lead the employer to look over his pay-sheet, to make sure that no other of his servants is similarly situated.

Delay means loss—fill in our Free War Insurance Coupon NOW.